THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

VOL. IX.] Saturday, July 29,.....1809. [NO. 14.

ALPHONSINE D'ARGENNES;

OR,

THE VICTIM OF AMBITION.

In Continuation.

ALPHONSINE'S tears flowed abundantly; overwhelmed with grief at the prospect of losing her affectionate and respected friend, solicited by the man who had acquired her esteem, afflicted at the thoughts of futurity, her mind bewildered by cruel reflexions, all these various emotions, and the excess of her misery, were favorable to the Count. A generous sentiment prompted her to sacrifice something for a man who seemed devoted to her. Without feeling a violent attachment for him, she thought she owed much, and what would she not have done for that beloved friend, of whom death was about to deprive her! Her presence re-assured Alphonsine, and determined her fate.

"Give your hand, my child," said Madame St. Clare, "to the Count de Puymarais, let this venerable pastor perform the ceremony, and if I am permitted to witness your vows, I shall die contented. Your honor," continued she, addressing the Count, "is responsible for every thing; you know how to appreciate the value of her whom I bestow on you, and always bear in mind that you owe her to your virtues. You, my child," continued she, turning to Alphonsine, "receive from me this casket; it contains some jewels; accept them as a feeble mark of the tender affection which I have entertained for you, and if I could dispose of any thing more it should be yours."

Mademoiselle d'Argennes was much agitated during the performance of the marriage ceremony, and at its conclusion her feelings overpowered her reason, and she fainted. On recovering, she found herself in her chamber, and the Count assisting her maid to apply restoratives.

Soon after this, they were informed that Madame St. Clare was better. This intelligence filled our heroine with hopes, and partly restored her strength; but it was only a last effort of nature, and did not last long. This worthy woman, however, took advantage of it again, to speak to her young friend. "My child," said

she, "you are now indissolubly united to the Count de Puymarais, and thus my most ardent wish is accomplished; but when I shall be no more, you must return to my sister, it is there you must await the declaration of your marriage, as every other asylum would till that period be injurious to your reputation; confide your secret to her, her affection for you will insure her discretion."

Madame St. Clare lived two days after this conversation, and then expired in the arms of her inconsolable friend. Immediately after the funeral the Count insisted on her leaving Fargeville, an abode which increased her grief, and conducted her to the Abbey of Reigny. On their arrival, they found that the Abbess was at her country-house. The Count immediately determined to repair thither; and Alphonsine, who longed to be folded in the arms of her first friend, made no opposition.

Madame de Royan tenderly loved her sister, and sincerely wept her loss with our heroine. But when the grief of the latter was somewhat moderated, her situation, on which she had scarcely before reflected, began to cause her some inquietude, and she spoke of it to the Abbess. "I am persuaded," replied Madame de Royan, "that the Count de Puymarais is a man of strict honor, and will keep his word with you, but you must press him to hasten the day. Whilst he remains here with you the moments will unheeded pass away, but you must not allow of this delay. It is of importance to you, my dear daughter, without displaying any mistrust, to determine him to fulfil this duty as soon as possible.

The Count still prolonged his stay in the society of his wife, in whose presence he only seemed to exist. Alphonsine herself could not help looking forward with grief to the moment which would separate her from her husband, on whom now all her happiness depended; but when she perceived that she was in a situation to become a mother, she could no longer refrain from intreating the Count to make their marriage known, as it now became absolutely necessary.

After choosing an opportunity to make her request known to Puymarais, she added—"You must be sensible, my dear Louis, that I have given you the most convincing proof of my esteem and confidence; I would still wait with patience for the termination of the affairs which prevent you from declaring our union, but my situation, which I can no longer doubt, will not allow you any longer to defer acknowledging me your wife."

The Count appeared delighted with this intelligence. He tenderly embraced the Countess.—"This new pledge, my love," re-

plied he, "will, if possible, augment my affection for you. Your request is perfectly just, and my duty directs me to comply with it. To-morrow I will depart; I will seek the Constable de Luynes, who honours me with his friendship, and intreat him to make my marriage known to the King and Queen. This is a formality which my duty at court obliges me to comply with, and which is also indispensible on your account, as it alone can secure you that rank which you ought to hold there." "You know best what is to be done," said Alphonsine, "but I conjure you to reflect that every intervening moment will expose my reputation."—"And mine also," interrupted he; "and believe me, yours is far dearer to me than my own. I shall not be absent for more than a few days, and then shall have the felicity of making all the court witness my happiness."

The Countess, whose bosom was alarmed by no suspicions, saw her husband depart without uneasiness, and felt no other sentiment than that of impatience for his return, persuaded that he would soon come back to fulfil his promises.

She was not disappointed in one respect, for he returned about the the time she expected him; but at the first glance she perceived an alteration in his looks. He seemed thoughtful and melancholy, and there was a constraint in his manner which greatly alarmed her. She inquired with much agitation, what was the matter, and not receiving an immediate answer, she continued:—"Your averted looks tell me that some misfortune has happened which you are afraid of communicating to me. Oh! be more just towards your wife, my dear friend and believe that she would be more willing to share your griefs than your good fortune."

Puymarais sighed deeply, but appeared still unable to reply. "For heaven's sake speak," cried the alarmed Alphonsine, "and do not persevere in this cruel silence."

"Before I answer your questions," said the Count, "may I depend that you love me sufficiently to consent to a proposition which is necessary for our welfare."—"How can you doubt it? you forget that you are speaking to your wife, and the ties which unite us! How often have you told me that I was every thing to you."—"And I again repeat it," said the Count, "but for God's sake listen to me. The Constable, to whom I wished to confide our marriage, was beforehand with me, and made proposals to me for his sister; judge of my cruel embarrassment! It would have been forfeiting his esteem for ever, to have declared at that moment that I had already entered into engagements without his consent. My only resource was

to appear overwhelmed with astonishment at his overtures, and to require time to reflect on them." "Time to reflect on them, Sir! and for what purpose? you forget my situation." "That need not torment you; when the time of your confinement arrives, we can easily find means of concealing it from the knowledge of the world, and if it be indispensibly necessary, I will even consent to see you less often."—"Good heavens! what is it I hear? but no, Sir, I cannot believe it; you wish to try me. You surely cannot wish to expose your wife's reputation to the disgrace of a secret confinement; you would not render doubtful the birth of your child; its state and mine can no longer be concealed, but your word is a pledge for both."—"I agree that I promised you all this; but recall to your mind what you once told me respecting the light in which my marriage would be regarded by the world; how often have you repeated to me that I should be blamed?"—"You then fear the censures of the world, but do not mind breaking the most sacred engagements? Oh!" continued Alphonsine, "behold me at your feet; behold her whom you have often said you loved more than your own existence; it is I who implore you, my heart lacerated with the most poignant grief, not to forsake me. It was not thro' weakness, but confidence in your honor, that I consented to this private union; would you forfeit all title to my esteem? But I should no longer speak of myself, I am no longer dear to you; reflect at least on your child, has it no claims upon you? Will you allow disgrace and opprobrium to stain its birth? Ah! cast me away if you will, let me remain unknown to all the earth; but do not rob me of the consolation of esteeming the man to whom I am united; only acknowledge the legitimacy of your child, and whatever may be your treatment of its unhappy mother, she will not complain, of make you any reproaches."

Puymarais could not behold unmoved at his feet the woman he had so ardently loved, and whom he loved still; the tears which bathed her face found their way to his heart. He raised her with much apparent affection, and employed hope, great offers, and every means he could devise to calm her despair, but he only met with a severe repulse. "What is it you dare propose to me?' said she with indignation, "I thought you virtuous; is it possible that you can have the temerity to cease to be so? Do you know what we feel when we are not satisfied with our own conduct? Compare the flattering opinion I entertained of you, with that you now force me to adopt?"

"I am but too well convinced that you will detest me; I feel all the weight of your displeasure, though notwithstanding my con-

duct towards you, my affection is unaltered, and I have never for an instant ceased to adore you. Yet I vainly war with myself to brave the censures of the world, but find I have not resolution to comply with your wishes."

Our heroine's indignation and surprise on hearing these words, may be easily conceived; in a voice of contempt she replied:— "And I, Sir, can no longer bear the sight of a man who has so cruelly treated me. Enjoy, if you can, the character of an honourable man, which you so little deserve, whilst I with truly virtuous sentiments, shall live overwhelmed with the shame and humiliation annexed to guilt. Go, Sir, since my prayers can obtain nothing from you, I yield you up to your own conscience, which will sufficiently avenge me." With these words she left the room. Puymarais did not attempt to follow her, but immediately entered his carriage, and set off for Paris. Madame de Royan, on being informed of his sudden departure, and not seeing her young friend appear, entered her apartment. The state in which she found her but too well informed her that something very unpleasant had happened. Alphonsine's tears flowed abundantly, and her agitation amounted to despair. "Oh, Madam!" said she, on beholding the Abbess, "pity me; I am abandoned, betrayed, dishonoured, by the basest of men; I shall now be in the eyes of the world an object of contempt and detestation. Ah! rather let me perish! May death relieve me from the hatred I bear this traitor, and the contempt I have for myself."

[*To be continued.*]

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Friendship, changing, fickle friendship!
Where are we to seek thee?
Following those the world looks smoothly on;
Thou smil'st upon the favorites of fortune,
And attendance daily pay at the rich man's portal:
Where pomp and revel hold their route, there
'Tis they delight to dwell, and gaily flutter.
But change the scene, and bring to view the wretched
Seat of misery, where poverty, with her stern front,
Stands porter; not a trace of thee'll be found!
For ah! to cheer the broken wounded heart,
Thou seldom deigneth!

IT is a singular truth, that there is not a word in the English language, in more extensive use, nor *one* less understood than the word *friendship*. It is adopted in our earliest infancy, and continues familiar to the tongue and ear, during the greatest stretch of longevity. It is a word, we are all partial to, and it appears to be incor-

porated with our very existence; still there are but few who feel it it as it *ought* to be felt, and few who practise it, according to its *proper* definition. Friendship taken in the most discursive sense, signifies every thing that tends to cement the bands which unite society; 'tis a word that carries with it the idea of an affectionate parent, a dutiful child, a tender husband, a virtuous wife, a succour to the distressed; in short, all that can possibly endear man to his fellow-man: but the thought is painful, when we consider, that its primitive meaning is so much perverted, that it hath almost become synonimous for all that's sordid, interested, base, or ambitious; at least, little better than a term, that is prostituted and played upon, more for the destruction of sociability, than for its advancement. My text, to many upon a cursory investigation, may appear inexplicable, and without foundation, yet I am firmly persuaded, that upon minute search, and a glance upon scenes, daily passing in review before us, will convince those who may now suppose they feel all the benign effects of a pure disinterested friendship, that there is very little of that god-like passion, to be found among the general classes of mankind.

There are a numerous set of mortals, who never attempt to develope any thing which does not immediately touch themselves, or come directly under their particular vision; on such, reason would be thrown away, *they* must feel the baneful sting of the serpent dissimulation, before they can be brought to conceive the hypothesis, that such a thing really exists. The moment the mind becomes capable of distinguishing and acting for itself, we begin to feel a restless uneasiness, from the retention of our little joys and griefs, and the only way to rid ourselves from the unpleasant sensation, is to look around for one into whose bosom we can deposit all our pleasures and disquietudes. In childhood, the selection of our intimate companions is not very material, for the occurrences that then arise, are usually forgotten as frivolous, when the intellect expands, and looks forward to exercises of a more important nature. It is in the middle stage, between boyism and manhood, that we ought to be the most circumspect in the choice of our associates; for upon it, in a great measure, depends the future welfare or adversity of our lives. Some may possibly in the extensive round of their acquaintances, be so fortunate as to meet with a *firm* and *steady* friend, but incidents of that kind rarely happen; and it is the pertinacy of taking it for granted, that all who carry towards us the exterior of urbanity, must consequently be friends, that causes so many to lament their misplaced confidence, when the evil hath grown irremediable. It is uniformly the case, that where a man is in possession

of a competency, and is placed above the frowns or applauses of the world, that he is always in a capacity, to command a number of friends, and the cause is easily accounted for. There is no scarcity of persons, who contrive to make a tolerable figure, upon small means, and ever upon the alert to fasten themselves on some one whom they may think likely to promote an interested aim, or whom they can subserve to help them along in their emergencies: beings of this description will flatter, fawn, and use every sycophantic art, to ingratiate themselves into the favor of those, marked out as fit objects to answer their sinister purposes; and it is this class of wretches who often hunt down their victims, and reduce them from a state of comfortable affluence, to the lowest grade of poverty and disgrace; and when after having fattened upon the ruin of some one of their *dear friends*, have often the consummate impudence, to ask him how he came to be such a fool?—*they had long foresaw that his finances could not keep pace with his mode of life—it was a pity some people could not consider in time—they were sorry for his distress—beg to be excused, as they were in haste to fulfil an engagement—put on a dolorous face—give a few significant shrugs*—and walked off, with all the *nonchalance* of an ancient stoic, leaving the unhappy hearer, struggling with misfortune and indignant feelings. Others profess friendship, because they presume that the person to whom it is proffered, hath no need of assistance; but should the contrary turn out, they directly alter their system; they are scarce ever home or at leisure; the spare cover, that actually held its place upon their *friendly board*, has an order to be removed, for this *efficient* reason, that he for whose use it was formerly laid, is *actually* in *want* of a dinner!—Examples of the duplicity of mankind are innumerable: when the hand of affliction presses, those who antecedent to our difficulties could not *live* without our society, now avoid us as they would the Egyptian plague; and instead of drying the tearful eye of sorrow, according to their ability, permit their former professions, to pass away, like the evanescent cloud before the morning sun! Some also there are who assume the name of friendship, to perpetrate beneath it the most atrocious crimes: *Lavinia* was young and beautiful as the imagination can fancy; she was a solace to the aged, and a pattern to the youthful, for her chastity was as unsullied

"————as the icicle
That's curdled by the frost from purest snows,
And hangs on Dian's temple."

Oscar the brother of Lavinia, during one of his collegiate vacations, brought home with him his *friend* Mordant, to spend that period; Mordant saw the sister, ad-

mired, and made honorable proposals, which by the unsuspecting maid, were believed, and received with pleasure; but under the mantle of virtue, by his insidious arts, he robbed the lovely Lavinia of her innocence, abandoned her like a villain, and some time after *(in a gentlemanly way)* shot the brother, for daring to espouse his sister's wrongs; blasted the bright prospects of Lavinia's and Oscar's parents, and hath left his name enrolled on the scroll of infamy, as a conspicuous instance of *Modern Friendship!* O. W.

Kip's Bay, July 18, 1808.

Communicated.

A TALE OF SORROW.

One single wrong step may cost us the repose and happiness of our life.

At the age of sixteen, ELIZA DARLINGTON was celebrated for beauty, wit, and accomplishments; every indulgence which fond affection could bestow, was lavished on her; her education was expensive, her dress costly, and her friends numerous: her good understanding was perverted by flattery, and her amiable propensities were destroyed by the weeds which mistaken partiality suffered to grow up with them. Among all her admirers, her heart remained untouched, till *Edward Selwyn* danced with her at an assembly: his ease, his elegance, and, above all, his unassuming manners, engaged her attention. He did not immediately profess him self her lover, but vanity whispered to her, that his eyes confessed her power. The character of *Selwyn* was held in general estimation: his person was calculated to please, and his fortune unobjectionable. *Eliza* tho't it an important conquest, and left no means untried to rivet his fetters: but Selwyn was not of a disposition easily subdued to slavery; with an excellent heart, he possessed sound judgment, and a spirit rather too inflexible: he saw her faults; while he admired her perfections, he dreaded lest they should overpower his reason. *Eliza* perceive her advantage, and anxious to succeed, adapted her manners to his taste: by this she confirmed her ascendancy; to mutual confidence succeeded mutual affection; till assured certainty of success occasioned carelessness, and *Eilza* relapsed into her usual habits of dissipation. Alarmed at this instability, and trusting too securely in her affections, *Selwyn* assumed an air of indifference foreign to his feelings, and equally painful; he first remonstrated; then finding that she triumphed in "subduing his prejudices," as she expressed herself, he affected to become a man of the world—though sensibly hurt by this change in his behaviour, while conscious that her own folly had occasioned it, *Eliza* had too much false pride to yield to his wishes, but trifled with a rival, whose constant assiduities were a grateful tribute to

her vanity. *Selwyn*, trusting to the rectitude of her principles, and convinced that he was the sole object of her regard, felt no real alarm, but coolly seeking an opportunity, informed her, the time proposed for the celebration of their nuptials must be postponed, as they were both young, and should not enter hastily into engagements they might have future cause to repent. Irritated by this insult, *Eliza* complained to her confidential friends, who, too happy in the power of inflicting mortification on an envied object, increased her indignation by raising her jealousy. A very pretty lady, a foreigner, resided in the neighbourhood. *Selwyn* had been frequently seen to go into the house where she lived, and was actually detected holding her hand in his at the window. "I will think no more of him," said Eliza, disdainfully; "he is unworthy. Neville is sincerely attached to me, yet I slight one who lives but in my smiles, for an ingrate! I will think no more of him." Yet Eliza could think of nothing else; and her anxiety rose to a most distressing height. "I will not be trifled with," said she, catching up a pen, with which she wrote to Selwyn:

"SIR,

"I once flattered myself that the regard you professed for me was sincere: I am now convinced of my error, and wish to release you from engagements which your attachment to a certain Frenchwoman must render equally irksome to you, as to your

"humble servant,

"ELIZA DARLINGTON."

In a few hours Miss Darlington received this answer:

"ELIZA,

"In believing my regard sincere, you did me justice; yet I own that it is time our engagement should end, when you place spies on my conduct, to misinterpret actions. Jealousy, my dear Eliza, is a dreadful weakness, the source of many calamities: were I not convinced of this, I might recriminate: as it is, I can only warn you to beware of hasty conclusions; and also be satisfied that I will be an independent master of my own actions. If you think this harsh, I am grieved that I am compelled to be so plain with you: if you expect unlimited submission to your mandates and caprices, I cannot promise to conform. Seek not to torment yourself with groundless apprehensions, or me with undeserved reproaches; listen but to the admonitions of your own heart in an hour of calm reflexion, and I will cheerfully abide by its decision.

"Ever your's,

"E. SELWYN."

"So cold, so philosophic!" exclaimed Eliza, tearing the letter; "he will not make the smallest concession: am I then to be tyrannized over? No, never! His letter is not worth an answer."

At that moment Neville appeared in all the charm of youth, elegance and fashion; he loved Eliza, but it was not with the steady attachment of Selwyn; he admired her person; and her value was enhanced in his estimation, by the avidity with which she was sought. Neville perceived her weakness, and availed himself of it to his own advantage. Too impetuous to reflect, Eliza yielded to the impulse of the moment, and admitted the attentions of Neville as a consolation to her wounded spirit; her encouragement revived his sinking hopes, and Neville was all submission to her wishes. "I will punish this stubborn Selwyn," cried Eliza, "if I sacrifice myself: he strives to subdue me, but I renounce him for ever: his heart shall ache, as mine now does.' Ere the rash phrenzy of resentment had subsided, Eliza gave her hand to Neville. They were married! Eliza! unhappy victim, thine was a fatal revenge. The company were seated after dinner, amusing themselves with some trifling game; Eliza alone was pensive; her husband leaned over her chair, and gazed with rapture on a countenance lovely in its saddest expression. An unusually loud knock at the door startled the party; and their consternation was increased by the sudden appearance of Selwyn, who, pale, agitated, and in a disordered apparel, rushed into the room: he fixed his eyes wildly on the trembling bride, "Eliza," said he, regardless of the company, "you have undone yourself. You love me still; your rashness is my death. I am much to be blamed—I might have prevented this. Can you forgive me?' Eliza was incapable of motion, she strove to extend her hand, but it fell nerveless by her side. Neville interfered; "What means this, Sir? why do you come and disturb our"—"Wedding day!" rejoined Selwyn, with a convulsive laugh. "But I have nothing to do with you, Sir. Eliza, your ring is steeped in blood! Remember! but say that you forgive me; say it: oh, bless me with that one word." The company thought him intoxicated, and strove to divert his attention. He knelt at the feet of Eliza; she trembled with horror, and faintly articulated, "Selwyn, I forgive you," and extended her hand to him—it was her left hand. He suddenly dashed it from him, and rising with an air of sudden recollection, said, "Well, then, Eliza, you have much to forgive. The French woman was my unhappy sister: the secrecy in which she lived, was occasioned by fear of her vile, unworthy husband. Want of confidence has been our ruin—behold the dreadful expiation!" The wretched Selwyn drew a pistol from his pocket, and instantaneously terminated his miserable existence. Eliza became frantic—she tore her hair, and clasped the lifeless body in her arms, till forcibly deprived of that melancholy gratification—an alarming illness

succeeded, which terminated by a complete mental derangement; and Neville now possesses only the wreck of that beauty he so ardently coveted; while Eliza, that once blooming idolized object of affection, remains the hapless victim of rashness, vanity, and misguided opinions.

VARIETY.

An elderly gentleman who wore a large white wig, had been out late on Saturday evening, in hot weather. Next day he attended public worship, and for his own comfort, as he was rather corpulent, he seated himself in the aisle of the church, near the door, before which there were a number of sheep feeding; among them was an old ram, who was an old warrior. While the parson was engaged for the good of his soul, the old gentleman was sleeping for the refreshment of his body. As he sat facing the door, nodding in his sleep, the old ram observed it, and mistaking the wig for the head of an antagonist, and the nodding for a signal of battle, began to shake his head, and draw back to a proper distance for a rencounter, when our hero making a very low nod, the ram supposing the enemy advancing, met him full but, and sent him bawling half way to the pulpit, knocking off his wig: the sudden interruption did not a little foil the minister and divert the audience—what added to the diversion, the old man recovering his legs as soon as possible, gathered up his wig, and put it on with the tail before, when he again took his seat, but did not discover his mistake until service was ended.

A Speculator, who had rapidly amassed a princely fortune, wishing to figure as a scholar, sent the following order to an eminent Bookseller in Boston;—

"SUR.

"i wants to by some buks—as i am prodighouse fond of larnen—plese to send by the bear hear 5 hunder dollars woth of the *hansumust* you hav.

Yoors &c."

CRUELTY TO BEASTS.

"The Governor of all, himself to all
So bountiful, in whose attentive ear
The unfledg'd raven, and the lion's whelp
Plead not in vain for pity or the pangs
Of hunger unassuag'd; has interpos'd
Not seldom, his avenging arm, to smite
Th' injurious trampler upon Nature's law,
That claims forbearance even for a brute."

A late London paper relates an instance of Providential punishment for abuse of an animal, truly remarkable and worthy of recollection. A driver had overloaded his horse, and by severe whipping,

forced him to such extreme efforts as produced spasms which some of the by-standers intimated might end in the lock-jaw. The brutal driver profanely swore that *he* would lock his jaw for him—and aimed at him with the butt end of his whip, but missed the horse, and struck himself, so as instantly to produce on himself that lock-jaw with which he had barbarously threatened the noble and useful beast. He was taken to the hospital, where, after lingering a few days, he expired.

Remarkable instance of Longevity.

There is now living in Augusta, (Kennebeck) a man by the name of JOHN GILLEY, who, by the best information, has attained the extraordinary age of CXIX years. He was born in the county of Cork, in Ireland, and emigrated to this country at about the age of 60. He was a batchelor till between 70 and 80, at which time he married a young woman of about 18, who still lives with him. Till he married, he was addicted to intemperance, but has since been temperate and sober. His living has been upon solid food. He never had any sickness, or suffered pain but from violence or wounds. He retains to this day his faculties of mind, and considerable bodily strength. He is low of stature, perfectly erect, and of a good countenance, though deeply furrowed; he cuts wood, tends his barn, and performs other light labor, and not unfrequently walks six miles in a day. Such were his bodily condition and his habits, in 1806, when our informant saw him; and he has heard of him, within a few days, that no apparent changes have taken place in him.

A French gentleman, totally unacquainted with our language, being introduced to a circle of young ladies and gentlemen in Boston, after the usual compliments had passed, seated himself by the side of a beautiful young lady; and being deprived of the satisfaction of conversing with her (his countenance however expressed the emotions of his heart) he seized her by the hand—she requested him to be easy—which he mistook for the French word *Beissez* (kiss me) and began kissing her, to the great mirth of the whole company.

The following story is just as good now as when it was first published.

OLD TIMES!

In one of the old Gazettes, is the following curious account of taming the bear.

ALBANY, Dec. 30.

Extract of a letter from Bennington, Dec. 25, 1772.

A very odd kind of providence happened lately in our neighbourhood, viz.—Mr. Zebulon Stan-

hope, a farmer, living about five miles N. E. by N. of this township, having trained up a couple of Bears to the plough, and other services, clapped them before his sled last week with 20 scruples of wheat for the new city—they drew extremely well for 4 miles and a half, when the halter of the near bear giving way, the farmer set about repairing it; but while he was thus employed, the inhuman brute seized him by the right leg, tore it miserably, and both bears hauling at once, ran away with the sled, so that with the utmost difficulty, the farmer got home in four hours on foot.

Persons were dispatched to look for the sled and cargo, and two days having been spent in fruitless search, they were given up as lost. But on the third, at noon, the noise of a carriage was heard near the house, and young Gad Stanhope jumped up to see who was coming; when, behold to his great astonishment, it proved to be the two bears drawing the sled into the barn, with no earthly thing in it except four large bears and three cubs. The lad and two men, that happened to be then in the house, ran nimbly, and shutting the barn-door, with a long gun, shot them all through a crevice. The wheat has since been discovered, but the farmers's leg is expected to calve in a day or two.

A lady told her husband she read the *Art of Love*, on purpose to learn to be agreeable to him. "I would rather have *love without art*," said he, drily.

The Lawyer's Wigs.

The celebrated Sarjeant Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburnham, was a true lover of amusement, and always ready to be the leader of any thing like sport.—One time at the middle circuit the lawyers from London who attended the court, not willing to trust the Norwich Barbers, had sent their wigs in boxes by the stage coach. It is the etiquette of the English Bar, that no one appear at it but in a full dressed three tail'd wig, and a neglect of this ceremony would be considered a contempt of court, and endanger a commitment of the negligent counsellor. Dunning, who happened to be at the tavern when the stage coach arrived, and finding what was the contents of the Boxes, got a boy immediately to pay the fare and sent it half a dozen miles into the country. The Lawyers arrived the next day in the carriage just in time to dress for the court, and dispatched a messenger for their wigs, but no wigs were any where to be found. D—n it, Sir, says one, have you seen my wig? Curse that stageman, says another, he has delivered my box to the wrong boy. Waiter, says a third, go to the stage house and bring my wig. The bell is ringing, Sir, says the waiter, there is

no wig there. D—n it, what is to be done; mine is the first cause on the docket. In the mean time, the Chief Justice had taken his seat on the bench, and was astonished to find not a single Barrister but Serjeant Dunning; he threatened to commit them for contempt, to non-suit, default them, and reprimand them publicly, and a Bailiff was proceeding to the actual execution of his orders, when a letter arrived from the Lawyers, who had found it convenient to assemble for their common defence, begging humble pardon of his Lordship for creating delay, but that some unfortunate accident had destroyed *their wigs*, and there was not one of them who could make a decent appearance.

A story is at present in circulation, which contributes greatly to amuse the Ladies and Gentlemen of the *haut ton*.—After the late investigation in the House of Commons, a certain illustrious personage was having a conversation with a lady under his protection, on the subject of withdrawing the bond by which she holds her annuity, and of allowing her the sum in another way; whereupon that lady tore off the bottom of a playbill, which happened to lie on the table, and presented it to her *cher amie*, who on perusing the scrap, found it to contain the following laconic sentence—"No money to be returned after the curtain is drawn up.'

As real modesty is the beauty of the mind, so an affectation of it as much disgraces a perfect mind, as art and an affected dress do a perfect face.

Julia Francesca, in answer to Evelina, was received too late. It shall occupy a distinguished place in the next number.

MARRIED,

At Suffield, Conn. on the 18th inst. by the rev. Ebenezer Gay, Mr. Daniel Austin, merchant of this city, (of the house of Austin & Andrews) to Miss Sarah E. Kent, of the former place.

DIED,

On Monday morning, after a long and painful illness, borne with the patience and resignation of a true christian, Mrs. Elizabeth Davidson, wife of Mr. James Davidson, aged 53 years.

On Monday afternoon, Miss Hannah F. Norwood, daughter of Mr. Andrew Norwood, of this city.

On Tuesday evening, Capt. Joseph Galloway, of the ship Beaver, in the 39th year of his age.

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Our City Inspector reports the death of 34 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.—4 of Billious Fever.

COMMUNICATED.

From Godwin's Passaic Album.

ON PASSAIC.

WITH purest pleasure we survey
The bosom of the unruffled lake,
But struck with awe, we contemplate
The dreadful grandeur of *Passaic.*

O'er shelvy beds, and rugged rocks,
Behold the rapid torrent roll,
And mark the quick ascending spray
With beauteous tints, from *Iris* stole.

Stupendous rocks array'd around,
Project their summit to the sky,
Whilst deep embosom'd in their shade
A placid bason cheers the eye.

On such a spot fond fancy dwells,
And oft presents it to the sight;
In liveliest colors paint the scene,
Which memory views with fresh delight.

H. P.

THE ROSE.

THE Rose had been wash'd—lately wash'd in a show'r,
That Mary to Anna convey'd:
The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flow'r,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd; and the leaves were all wet,
And it seem'd to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily siez'd it—unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd,
And shaking it rudely, too rudely, alas!
I snapp'd it! it fell to the ground!

"And such," I exclaim'd, "is the pitiless part,
Some act by the delicate mind—
Regardless of wringing and breaking the heart,
Already to sorrow resign'd!

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloom'd with the owner awhile;
And the tear that is wip'd with a little address,
May be follow'd, perhaps, with a smile!"

A HERMIT'S MEDITATION.

IN lonesome cave,
Of noise and interruption void,
His thoughtful solitude
A hermit thus enjoy'd:

His choicest book
The remnant of a human head
The volume was, whence he
This solemn lecture read.

"Whoe'er thou wert,
Partner of my retirement now,
My nearest intimate,
My best companion thou!

On thee to muse,
The busy living world I left;

Of converse all but thine,
And silent that, bereft.

Wert thou the rich,
The idol of a gazing crowd?
Wert thou the great,
To whom obsequious thousands bow'd?

Was learning's store
E'er treasur'd up within this shell?
Did wisdom e'er within
This empty hollow dwell?

Did youthful charms
E'er redden on this ghastful face?
Did beauty's bloom these cheeks,
This forehead ever grace?

If on this brow
E'er sat the scornful, haughty frown,
Deceitful pride! where now
Is that disdain?—'tis gone.

If cheerful mirth
A gayness o'er this baldness cast,
Delusive, fleeting joy!
Where is it now?—'tis past.

To deck this scalp
If tedious long-liv'd hours it cost,
Vain, fruitless toil! where's now
That labour seen?—'tis lost.

But painful sweat,
The dear-earn'd price of daily bread,
Was all, perhaps, that thee
With hungry sorrows fed.

Perhaps but tears,
Surest relief of heart-sick woe,
Thine only drink, from down
These sockets us'd to flow.

Oppress'd perhaps
With aches and aged cares,
Down to the grave thou brought'st
A few, and hoary, hairs;

'Tis all, perhaps!
No marks, no token can I trace
What, on this stage of life
Thy rank or station was.

Nameless, unknown,
Of all distinction stript and bare,
In nakedness conceal'd,
Oh! who shall thee declare?

Nameless, unknown!
Yet fit companion thou for me,
Who hear no human voice,
No human visage see.

From me, from thee,
The glories of the world are gone;
Nor yet have either lost
What we could call our own.

What we are now,
The great, the wise, the fair, the brave,
Shall all hereafter be—
All hermits in the grave!

SONNET.

To the cliff o'er the shell-cover'd beach,
How I love to direct my lone way,
And list to the sea-gull's shrill screech,
As he wantonly whirls through the spray:
To hear the hoarse billows, that dash,
Loud rumbling, against the rough strand—
Now curving, they break with a crash,
Now foaming, embrace the smooth sand:
To see the slim skiff on the wave,
As at random it dances along;
And to hear the blithe fisherman's song,
While around him the elements rave:
More grateful these scenes to Love's slave,
Than the noisy pursuits of the throng,

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
EDWARD WHITELY,
NO. 46 FAIR-STREET—NEW-YORK.